THE SQUIRE'S WIFE AND DAUGHTERS DECORATING THE CHURCH.

OUR NEIGHBOUR, WIDOW YATES.

BY GRACE STEBBING.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LOST CHILD.

A LARGE reward was offered to any one instrumental in finding a child named Charlie Yates, and restoring him to his parents. The said child was supposed to have been stolen by some woman during the excitement of yesterday's gathering. He was two years and nine months old, and noteworthy from his extreme beauty. Skin clear and fair, hair wavy, and golden brown in colour. Eyes very large, and of a deep blue.

"And only let me catch the black-hearted thief, and I'll skin her," came the thunderous growl of a big bricklayer, who stood reading down one of the posters, which Mrs.

Stokes stood conning with a strange fascination holding her to every syllable.

"Think!" he ejaculated. "Ah! onny to think o'a wretch as could lay a finger on a babby's golden hair. I've one wi' a gold head myself."

"Aye, aye," returned Sarah, with every appearance of off-hand indifference. "Babies mostly are fair, even them as is to get dark afterwards. My Josh was fair as fair till he'd passed his four years. Well, it's to be hoped as the Yateses 'ull find their child; but whether or no, folks must eat, so I'll wish ye good day, and go and get my bit o' meat at Tomlinson's."

So saying, she turned and went off, not to Tomlinson's, however, but to her own home. She was sober enough now, with those grim threats sounding in her ears.

It is true enough that drunkards, when they are drunk, have a sort of bravery that has been nicknamed Dutch courage. But drunkards, when they are not drunk, are arrant cowards, only to be matched in their cowardice by bullies.

Sarah Stokes felt no fears yesterday, when she was carrying Charlie off, but she felt many fears now that she had him hidden up in her room, for the short, significant speeches she had heard were meant almost literally, even in the moment of their utterance, and only a very slight spark of added excitement would be needed to bring their dreadful fulfilment.

Warmth and food had given the little fellow back strength to cry, and he had sobbed himself to sleep. Tears, even now, lay on the flushed cheeks, and a quivering sob came through the exquisitely curved lips as Mrs. Stokes reached the bedside.

A gleam of wintry sunshine pierced the dirty window and fell across the pillow, making the tumbled curls glitter as if each hair were in truth a thread of gold. That gave the perplexed child-stealer a fresh idea. Those bright locks were especially noted in the advertisements as means of identification. They should come off. A lengthy, rummaging search, like the earlier one for the matches, produced a pair of scissors. Again poor little Charlie was ruthlessly pulled up into wakeful knowledge of his misery, and twenty minutes later his head was almost clean shaven.

Mouth, eyes, complexion, expression, were still beautiful to those who might pause to examine them in detail, but the general effect was so different that even Mary or Sandy Yates might have found it difficult to recognise their child.

Mrs. Stokes breathed more freely.

The next step in the transformation was to roughly pull off the child's own neat and wholesome garments and re-dress him in some that had belonged to a long since dead little daughter of her own. These clothes had been ragged and dirty enough even when their own poor rightful wearer put them off for the last time, and four or five years of turning over and tumbling about by the rough, unwashed hands of Jem and Sarah, had not improved them. Charlie's lip curled with unconscious, but sickening disgust at the close smell they had, and from the most filthy little frock he drew back with wide, shocked eyes.

"No, no," he gasped. "So dirty—Charlie's own frock—so velly dirty!"

"Take that, ye little imperance," exclaimed Sarah, giving him a cruel box on the ears. "So not even my child's clothes ain't good enough for Mary Yates's, ain't they? Wait a bit, ye little daring bit o' impudence, and ye may learn to be glad if ye get clothes at all. They'll not easy know ye now, that's one thing!"

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A pouring wet evening, and on all the length and breadth of Peterson railway-bridge only two pedestrians.

Two women, both on the same side of the bridge, and both so cowering down, the one under an umbrella, the other with none, against the bitter wind, which seemed to blow from all quarters at once, that they were not either of them aware of the other's approach until the edge of the umbrella struck against the ragged bonnet-brim of the other woman.

Both looked up hastily enough then.

"I beg your pardon," said one of the pair, quickly.

The other laughed loudly and harshly. "No occasion, Mary Yates. Best wish me a 'Merry Christmas' instead. Ah-ha! This is proper sort o' weather for a Christmas Day, ain't it? Hope the tom-fools o' holiday-makers like it."

"Poor things," was the low, sad answer. "One must be sorry for them. But for you and me, Sarah, the weather seems fitting enough, does it not? For you, too, I hear, have lost your child out of your home."

Sarah's face flushed darkly. "Bah! so that bit of news has been trumpeted everywhere, has it? Wish I'd got my fingers on the face of the blackguard as dared to put Josh in jail. He'd remember it, I reckon, a while."

"Poor Josh," murmured Mary, finding room in her heart to pity the son of such a mother, even in the midst of her own deep griefs.

But the tone of pity was resented.

"There, ye can stop that, Mary Yates. My boy and I ain't come a-begging to you for groans over us yet. When we want 'em we'll tell ye. And as fur havin' lost a child out o' my home, I ha' got another plague of a brat in his place. My sister died last November—same time as you and Sandy were so cock-a-hoop about them fine testimonials—and as she'd naught worth having to leave me, she left me the child, bad luck. He's ill now——"

Sarah Stokes kept her eyes all the while she spoke with the closest watchfulness upon her companion's face, but there was not the faintest trace of suspicion to be seen through the unheeded, heavily-dropping tears. And she went on—

"Very fine to have other folks' little wretches sick on your hands, and to have to turn out for them to the hospital for physic on a night like this!"

"I have just come from the hospital," said Mary, in sad reply. "Sandy caught cold seeking for—for—Charlie—and it turned to inflammation, and he's been in hospital again since Monday, very ill. The child's loss is going against him getting well, very sorely, the doctor says."

And with that the poor bereaved young mother and anxious wife buried her face in a corner of her shawl, and hurried across the bridge to her home, sobbing audibly.

Sarah Stokes turned and looked after her, and just for one moment a gleam of repentance and relenting passed through her heart.

For one moment, that was all. The ease with which she had accomplished her wicked deed, the utter immunity she enjoyed from suspicion from any quarter, and six weeks' persistency in the bad deed, had made her more callous than ever.

"Well, my fine Mary do look taken down a peg a'ready, I must say, and no mistake," she muttered. "I wonder, I do, what she'd look like if she knew as her 'little king' was a-sitting in my place, nigh as black as if he'd been born a nigger or a chimney-sweep, and coughing his head off till it's a downright plague to hear him, the aggravating little wretch."

As a fact, the agony of suspense and misery that Mary had endured for these past six weeks, and was still enduring, on account of her lost child, was so great that even such in-

formation as this, that her cruel enemy could have given her would have been welcomed with thanksgiving.

CHAPTER XVI.

"JOY IN HEAVEN."

WOULD that picture of Mary and her children round the cottage tea-table ever die out of Jim Stokes's memory? Thus much can be averred, at any rate, that several months after being first seen it was so far off dying that it had not taken the initial step to it by beginning to fade. Its recollection was as bright as in that first minute's slow gaze of admiration, and once more, as on that bright summer evening when Jim put in his big, heavy face between the roses, and was startled by that timid invitation to tea, the craving came upon him to have some such peaceful and comforting home-life picture belonging to himself.

Ever since he left Peterson to work on this distant new line he had given up drinking. Several of his new mates were teetotalers, so that this grand step in the right direction was not so difficult as it might have been.

Moreover, the intense doggedness of the man's nature stood him for once in good stead. He had told himself that he meant to give up drink for a while, and see what it was like to go without, and it was actually easier for one of his temperament to hold to the resolve thus made than to yield to a temptation to break it.

Jim Stokes had been a drunkard more because he had no motive, nor care, to be anything else, than because that especial form of wickedness had any especial charms for him.

Since that fair evening when his eyes had suddenly been opened to see the hideousness and unseemliness of the vice in his wife, he had even learnt to feel a degree of contempt for it, and loathing.

Then there came that news of his son's mischievous doings and imprisonment.

"If that brute, his mother, hadn't a-bin a drunkard, more'n Mary Stokes, th' young scamp 'ud never ha' got into jail," he muttered, savagely, as he turned and tramped off across the fields, to get away from the sneering condolences of one or two of his companions, who were not teetotalers, and who resented the fact of this one, in especial, of their mates standing out against drink; seeing that in all other respects he was at least as morally unwashed and uncombed as the roughest of the lot.

"Though us do take a drop, our young 'uns ain't thieves and wot not," sneered more than one surly voice, at times when it was probable that Jim's ears would get the benefit of the remark. Openly, to his face, they offered him sympathy which was made at least as galling by the look and tone in which it was given.

He tramped off through the fields, more than half mad, for the hour, with his rage, his misery, and his wretched sense of homelessness.

His share of the draughty, comfortless, temporary hovel, beside the new railway cutting, was unsatisfactory enough, but no more so than his share of those filthy rooms in which he had lately lived with wife and child.

"No home, nor no hope o' one," he groaned, grinding the great, iron-shod boot-heel down into the ground the while. "And now this 'ere disgrace to top up with. And none to care!"

"And none to care," was the bitter sentence still on his lips as he came out upon a lane, bare enough as to its hedges this winter day, but at this moment it was furnished with sweet sounds instead.

A tiny country church stood perched above on a hillock, like a twelfth-cake ornament on a sugar-covered cake.

There was an extra amount of stir about the little place to-day, as how should there not be, seeing that it was the anniversary eve of that most blessed event that has occurred during the history of our world—the birth into this tired, sick, and irritated world of the eternal and almighty Spirit of Peace.

Most of the grown-up folks of the two rural villages that claimed the picturesque old sacred building for their own, were gathered together upon the summit of that snow-clad hillock.

The squire's wife and daughters, and young grandson, together with their visitors at the Hall, were busily engaged in the holly and ivy decoration of the interior, aided by such of the farmers' bright-faced daughters around as could be spared from the feast-day preparations going forward on a hospitable scale in their own homes.

It is needless to say that the old clerk, the old pew-opener, the old beadle, and the old care-taker and cleaner, were all upon the premises.

Young Sidney, the squire's grandson, with a boy's innocence of irreverence, many a time declared his belief that each and every of the four had a private conviction that when they, themselves, were taken from this sphere to realms above, then also their old church would be carried aloft with them.

Then, also, the organist was there, with his rural choir, having a final practice of the Christmas hymns, and all the party, musician and singers, putting a great deal of earnest heartiness into the performance.

"And none to care," muttered the big, heavy-browed man tramping past slowly through the snow without.

> "Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
> God and sinners reconciled,"

sang the bright voices within.

Jim lingered. Words were not audible out there in the lane, of course, but the glad ring of the notes was abundantly so.

"Humph!" he growled below his breath; "ain't that er a-tellin' as it's jist as I say! Here be I as des'late a miserable chap as could be well matched anywheres, and there be they yonder a-shoutin' away jolly's jolly, 's if they'd as lief dance over a feller's heart as not."

Nevertheless, in spite of his growls, his feet came to a standstill beside the gate, and a softer expression stole over his face. Rough, lumpish, uncouth, as the navvy looked, there was a strand of something finer woven into the man's nature which had never yet had fair play.

The lights streaming forth from the windows high above him out upon the dark hedges, the delicate tracery of the bare trees, and the glistening white snow, had a dimly-understood pleasure for his eyes. The melodious sounds had a more clearly recognised pleasure for his ears.

After a minute's pause he lifted the latch, pushed open the gate, and lumbered up the stone steps of the little winding path till it ended at the church porch. There were two men standing just within, their backs turned towards him, and talking earnestly. A few yards yet further in, all was joyous, busy activity, doing honour to the coming festival. But here, in the shadowed porch, was a quiet seclusion, and the two communing there together were speaking heart to heart.

"You see," said a voice, that was pathetic in its tenderness of friendship and brotherly sympathy; "you see, it is

not as if I were asking you to carry your troubles and annoyances to one who might or might not care to hear about them, as the case might be. He is *sure* to care. 'In all their afflictions He was afflicted.' That was said of His infinite love of old, and it is exactly as true now. In all our afflictions He is afflicted. Not a single creature in the whole world may seem to care an atom for our loneliness, our troubles and anxieties. But He, our Lord, and our most true and faithful friend, always cares. Never think, my dear, dear friend, never think again that you have to stand alone, and to bear alone desolateness of heart or wearing misery. There is One always close beside you, longing to have your hand placed in His, and to give it the warm grasp of a brother's love and sympathy."

A long, deep-drawn breath was the immediate response to this appeal from the listener inside the porch. One equally long and profound was the answer from the unsuspected auditor without.

Slowly he turned, and lumbered down the hilly path again. Even his heavy footsteps were not audible above the pealing organ and the general hum and stir.

It was quite as well that it was so, for his thoughts moved slowly, and his mind had not room in it for much that was new to its comprehension.

"Some one to care. After all, some one to care. Some one who always cares."

A few months ago the navvy would have heard this news as one that heareth not, but now it sank into a ready soil, and was revolved in a slow brain with much pondering.

"Some one to care as I've got a drunken slattern of a wife. Some one who cares as the young 'un's gone and got clapped in jail. Some one as is a bit sorry even, maybe, as a chap has nowt but a dog's hole here, and a dog's hole there, for all's comfort i' life, and never a decent place of a home, to pay for his work! Some one who cares."

Well enough most of us more or less tired, or sad, or troubled folks can understand the music of those words, the unspeakable preciousness of the assurance that they give.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO FEED A FAMILY.—VI.

DINNER.—Scotch Broth; Toad-in-the-hole; Fruit Tart.

SCOTCH BROTH.

Materials.—Stock, 3 pints; 2 carrots; 2 turnips; 2 onions; pearl barley, ½ teacupful; salt; pepper; and Yorkshire relish to taste.

How to make it.—The stock should be clear and rather brown, water in which a joint of mutton has been boiled, coloured with the brown part of dripping (see paragraph "How to Clarify Dripping," Paper I.) is best, but the ordinary stock from bones, etc., will also make this soup.

Strain your stock from all fat while cold, and put it on to boil, with a little salt, two hours before dinner. Wash, scrape, and slice the carrots and turnips; cut the onions in rings, and add them to the stock when it boils; boil them sharply till thoroughly tender. Add the Scotch barley three quarters of an hour before dinner, and stew more slowly. Pepper, salt, and a tablespoonful of Yorkshire relish, should be put in just before serving. If peas are in season, a teacupful of these improve the soup, boiled from twenty to forty minutes, according to their age. Young carrots and turnips will be tender in half an hour; when they are old (*i.e.*, in the winter or spring) they will take from one to two hours to boil, and it is necessary to consider this in putting them on, as underdone vegetables are unwholesome. A sprig or two of lemon-thyme, tied together with a looped string, and boiled in the soup for ten minutes before serving, also improves it; and those who have gardens can easily add this.

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE.

Materials.—1 lb. beef; flour, 1 teacupful; 1 egg; skim milk, 1 quart; 1 onion or shalot; pepper and salt; baking powder, 2 teaspoonfuls.

How to make it.—Cut the beef into bits (not slices), and chop the onion or shalot fine; mix the baking powder with the flour dry; beat up the egg, and add the milk to it; then mix both gradually with the flour, taking care to break all the lumps before the batter is too wet. Beat the batter sharply with a whisk or fork for fifteen minutes; put a tin pie-dish into the oven to heat while you are doing this. Then take the dish from the oven, grease it, place the bits of beef in it, sprinkle them with chopped onion, pepper and salt; beat the batter up sharply again till it froths; pour it over the meat, etc., and place it directly in the hottest part of the oven. It should rise quickly in twenty minutes; if it has risen, remove it to the cooler part of the oven, and bake it for forty minutes (*i.e.*, one hour in all).

The same recipe for a plain batter will make a Yorkshire pudding under roast meat. To insure a batter being light, several things are necessary—a hot oven, thorough beating, a hot dish to place the batter in, and also that it shall be cooked at once. The chemical action of the baking powder begins as soon as it is wetted, and needs strong heat to develop it properly. If a batter is placed in a cold dish and set aside for a time, or cooked in a cool oven, it is sure to be heavy, because the effects of the baking powder have evaporated. If the powder is not used, another egg must be substituted for it.

FRUIT TART.

Materials.—Fruit, 1 quart; sugar, 1 teacupful; flour, ½-lb.; clarified fat, 3 ozs.; baking powder and salt, 1 teaspoonful each; a little water.

How to make it.—Prepare the fruit, place it in a pie-dish, sprinkling it with the sugar, keeping out one tablespoonful of sugar for the crust. Mix the flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder, dry; cut the clarified fat into bits, and rub these lightly into the flour, etc. Make it into pastry with a little water; roll it out; edge and cover the pie with it, and bake quickly for half an hour, then more slowly; allowing about two hours' slow stewing for the fruit.

Green gooseberries, rhubarb, currants and raspberries, plums, or blackberries and apple, etc. (as in season), may be used. A small jam-pot or cup may be placed upside down in the middle, as this prevents the juice from escaping, and also keeps the crust from sinking in.

Some fruits require more stewing than others; apples and blackberries needing a much longer time than plums or

raspberries. The quantity of sugar, too, must be varied according to the fruit; but plenty should be used, as fruit cooks better when sweetened. It is a good plan to serve a small jug of good milk with a fruit tart, as it is a great improvement to the flavour of fruit, and makes the dish more nourishing.

In some places sugar is added only when the fruit has been cooked, as it is said that the flavour is better preserved when the fruit is cooked in this way.

EXPENSES.

Scotch Broth.—Vegetables, 2d.; pearl barley, ½d.; seasoning, ½d. (3d.).

Toad-in-the-Hole.—Beef, 8d.; flour, ½d.; eggs, 1d.; milk (skim), 2d.; onion, etc. ½d. (1s.)

Fruit Tart.—Fruit, 3d.; flour, 1d.; fat, etc., 1½d. (5½d.).

Vegetables and bread, 3½d.

Total.—Two shillings, to dine six persons; average, fourpence per head.

I. L. RICHMOND.

THE PIT-BROW WOMEN.

BY JANE S. CLARKE.

THE subject of the industrial employment of women has excited more interest than usual this season, partly from the action of friends who are anxious to improve the position of the working women, and partly from the action of those who wish to extend legislative interference with women's work, and to abolish all female labour in connection with mines.

In the crowded meeting presided over by Professor Stuart and Mr. Walter Besant (the well-known novelist), it was unanimously agreed that "the time is opportune for organising a deliberate and determined attempt to force the conscience of the nation to take cognisance of the conditions which distinguish the life and labour of the working women of our capital and country." When it is remembered that about "half of the working-class families of the land are partly maintained by women," and that their rate of pay

is generally so bad that, as the late Mrs. Patterson said, "one might suppose they worked for amusement rather than for a livelihood," it is very evident that some reform is urgently needed. The Committee appointed by the meeting hope that, during this summer, they may be able to gather and make public such facts about the industrial position of women, that some remedy may be found for the present unsatisfactory condition.

But whilst friends outside were thus trying to improve the condition of the working women, in the House of Commons an amendment was proposed to the Mines Regulation Bill, by which all female labour would be abolished in connection with coal mines, and more than 6,000 women would be thrown entirely out of work—work which may sometimes be hard, but which makes them "the rosiest and strongest set of women imaginable."

Many years ago it was made illegal for women to work underground in connection with any mine, and for thirty years no woman has been so employed; but in the coal mines of the north country, women do various kinds of work on the pit banks in the open air. The work that is chiefly done by the women is well indicated by their local name, "the screen girls"; for the most of them stand at the bottom of a slide, and as the coal is tilted over the screen, they sort it "all in a minute, as it falls into the trucks below." This work is so healthy, that when a girl who is working at a mill becomes sickly, she is sent to work at the "pit brow," and in a very short time her health is restored, her cheeks become rosy, and the work developes her muscles and her physical strength to a degree unknown to the generality of women. Their work sometimes begins at six, but generally at seven o'clock in the morning, and ends at three in the afternoon. This gives the women time to see to their homes when the work at the pit brow is finished.

Happily for these women, when miners from different parts of the kingdom waited on the Home Secretary, to suggest this further legislative interference with women's work, he very justly decided to hear what the women had to say on the subject, for there was no question as to the health or the morals of the women engaged in the work. The women felt that the best thing that they could do was to show that the work in no wise interfered with their being "true womanly," and one evening in the "merrie month of May" a large party of quiet and well-dressed women visited the House of Commons. Their appearance there excited much interest, and when, to their great delight, they were shown over both Houses of Parliament by some of the members, they could not help saying that they had received "a right good welcome." Indeed, it seemed difficult for the members to realise that these modest and somewhat shy women were really those pit-brow women, of whom they had heard such alarming reports.

The next day the women, some of whom were in their working dress, waited on the Home Secretary, as a deputation from the thousands of women who were then at work on the pit banks. It was very evident that the Secretary of State felt like other mortals, that although the costume was not designed for a promenade at the West End, it is, at any rate, adapted for the work that the women have to do.

Their dress consists of a coloured handkerchief tied over the hair, sometimes covered with a "hood-bonnet, that most feminine and picturesque of all female head-gear." Then beneath a rough jacket and apron they wear a skirt that fits somewhat closely above woollen trousers. Petticoats would not only be in the way, but would be a source of danger to the women; and the strong, thick trousers help to keep them warm in the exposed positions where they work, and are necessary for the rough work that has to be done. The wages these women receive vary from 9s. to 15s. weekly, contrasting favourably with the wages paid to factory hands for longer hours. Many of these women have sick fathers, widowed mothers, and young brothers and sisters dependent on them; and indeed, there seems no reason to doubt the testimony of the clergy and medical men, that they "are amongst the noblest women that we have to boast of."

The Home Secretary said that the only thing that could justify legislative interference with women's work would be either that it was prejudicial to character or morals or to health. The costume of the women seemed to be perfectly decent, respectable, and proper, and the testimony borne to the high character and praiseworthy industry of the pit-brow women was of the strongest; and, as far as possible, he should resist the amendments to the Mines Regulation Bill. The women received this announcement with much clapping of hands, and we can only urge on all those who are interested, that they should do their best to prevent any more interference, until women themselves have a direct voice in measures that so greatly affect their well being.

MEDICAL HINTS FOR THE SEASIDE.

BY MRS. ATKINS, M.D.

As the time for holiday-making approaches it has been borne in upon me that a few hints on the subject of life at the seaside might prove useful to mothers who, wishing to do the best for their children, still err occasionally through ignorance of a few simple facts as to locality, sanitation, etc.

The question, "Where shall we go?" is the first and sometimes the most difficult to settle, and in this paper I limit myself to the *English* coast because it is the most frequented.

It is scarcely necessary for me to remind my readers that if they require a bracing seaside place they must choose the east coast from Margate to Whitby; less bracing, but still not relaxing, are Ilfracombe, Aberystwith, Llandudno, Blackpool, and on the Cumberland coast the little watering-place of Sea-scale, which is rising into repute, but is not as yet so expensive as the better-known resorts. The northern portion of the Isle of Wight is less relaxing than the southern, and Bournemouth, with its dry, pure, pine-impregnated air, proves bracing to some constitutions, though decidedly injurious to others. Weymouth and Swanage are also mildly bracing.

There are, of course, many objections to most of the places mentioned, as they are generally thronged, and consequently noisy and expensive; but to those who choose to take a little trouble, secluded nooks along the selected coast may be found, where inexpensive and quiet lodgings may be obtained. For instance, near Cromer, in Norfolk, we have Overstrand, Sidestrand, Trimingham, Mundesley, etc., which are all well spoken of, and which all get the full, free blow of the German Ocean; and, doubtless, near to the other places I have mentioned equally rural nooks might be discovered.

The Cornish coast is, of course, splendid—an education in itself—but it cannot be considered bracing. Still, to any one in fair health, fond of boating, and willing to live an outdoor life, the purity of the air and the delights of the glorious coast will prove no inferior nerve stimulant.

Whatever locality be selected for holiday-making, let the change from ordinary surroundings be as great as possible. To those living in towns, a real country place, where gloves, bonnets, and fine attire generally may be dismissed from the mind, and perfect freedom be insured. To those living in the country, the nervous stimulus of a more fashionable resort will ensure greater change, and therefore be more beneficial. If possible, let the poor mother get a respite from the everlasting and monotonous duty of ordering meals, by selecting some house where the family can be boarded as well as lodged. To be rid for a time of all household duties is almost enough of itself to give many a mother a thoroughly enjoyable holiday.

The locality having been selected, the next thing to be considered is the lodging itself. Here two dangers confront us which must be warded off if possible: contagion from infectious diseases, measles, scarlet fever, or small-pox—the germs of which may have been deposited by some former lodger—and typhoid fever and diphtheria, from bad drainage or water.

The first source of danger is of course very difficult to detect, as, in the present state of the law, it is extremely doubtful whether a lodging-house keeper could be made responsible for any harm which might accrue through having had a case convalescent from infectious disease in her house. That there ought to be some regulation on the subject is self-evident, but, as Sydney Smith wrote long ago with regard to the danger of being locked in a railway-carriage, as was at first practised on the Great Western Railway, "The first person of rank who is killed will put everything in order." So it would require the destruction of at least half the progeny of a bishop to stir our legislators in the matter. Unfortunately, bishops do not, as a rule, take lodgings, and therefore the only thing to be done is to ask the lodging-house keeper point-blank whether she has had in her house any case of infectious disease, either in the acute or convalescent form, during the last twelve months. She will probably be afraid to tell a deliberate untruth, not knowing what the consequences might be, and of this fear-producing ignorance let the inquirer reap the benefit.

Against typhoid, either when caused by imperfect drainage or bad water, we are not so helpless, if we choose to take a little trouble. We cannot, of course, find out whether the drains are properly trapped, whether they are laid on a sufficient incline, or whether they are leaking, as this would entail having them all dug up, but the following points can be easily ascertained even by those most ignorant of sanitary matters:—

1. The situation of the water-closet. If placed in the centre of the house, or, still more, if, as sometimes happens in old houses, placed inside a bedroom, have nothing to do with the house.

2. Pull up the plug and ascertain if there be a good flush of water, without which there is no safety.

3. If there are fixed basins or baths in the house, endeavour to find out where the pipes from these empty themselves. If they run direct into the drain they are most dangerous, as sewer gas can ascend by them and poison the whole house. They should be carried outside the house, cut off about a foot from the ground, and should empty themselves into a gulley communicating with the drain.

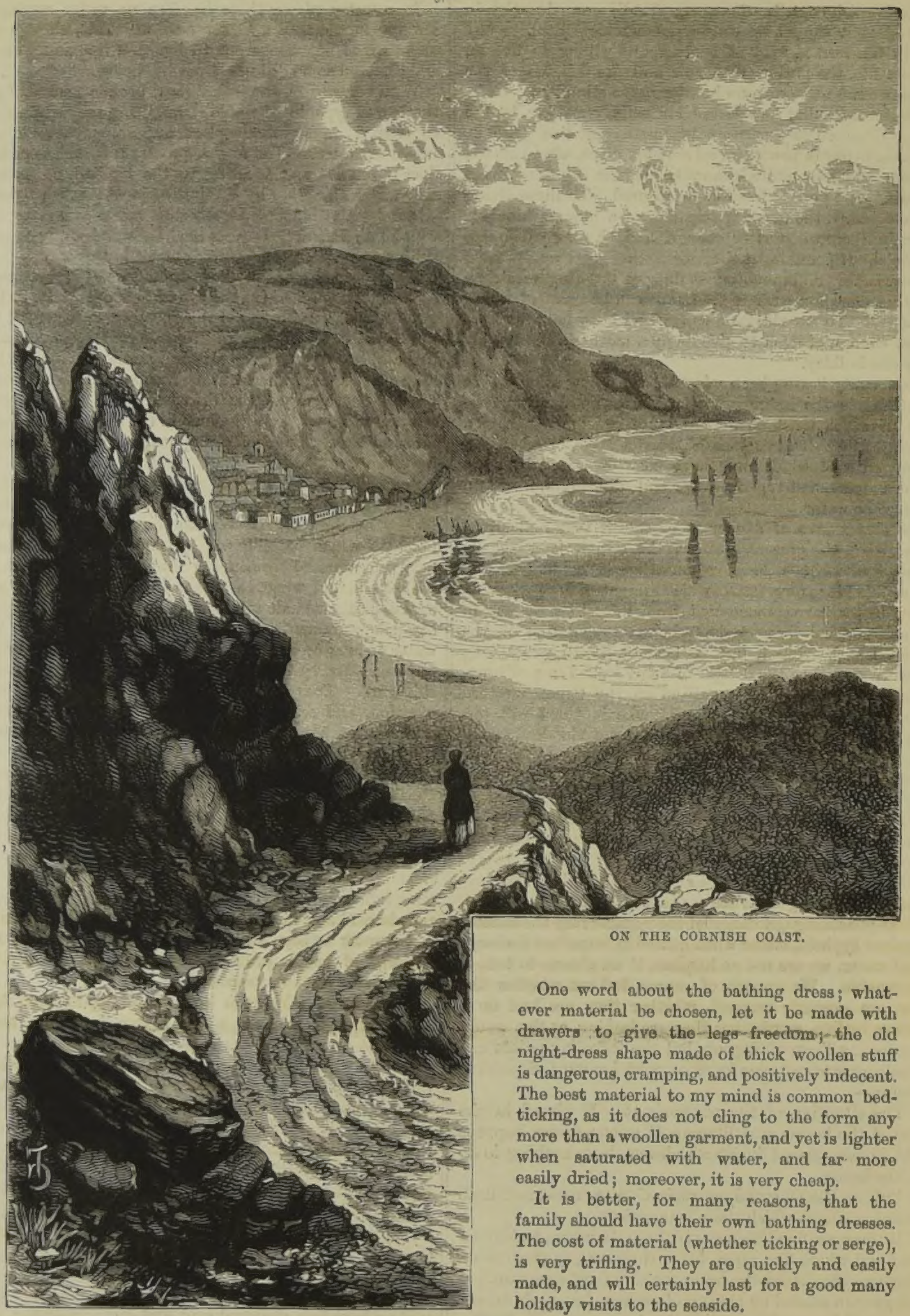
In country places there is often no water carriage for sewage, but simply a closet outside. This, though often offensive, is not dangerous to health if frequently emptied and situated some distance from the house.

With regard to water—that most prolific source of diphtheria and typhoid—I would strongly urge my readers never to trust it in a strange place, but always have it either boiled or filtered. The former process is troublesome if one does it oneself, and trusting to the landlady is somewhat risky. On the other hand, filtering is very easy to perform either by the help of Lipscombe's small travelling filter, which can be carried in a handbag, and only costs two shillings, or by making a filter oneself in this way:—

Get a large flower-pot, cover the hole at the bottom with a bit of new flannel; on the top of this put three inches of clean gravel, on the top of the gravel three inches of white sand, on the top of the white sand four inches of animal charcoal in coarse grains. If you cannot obtain the latter, take some ordinary earth which has been made red hot on a fire-shovel. Pour all the drinking water into the flower-pot and receive it from the hole in the bottom, and by this means a large proportion of impure matter will be removed from the worst water.

Our ideal mother will not neglect our hints, and having secured, so far as possible, a sanitary house for her little ones, she will next have to consider their amusements, amongst which bathing will occupy a prominent place. I have often heard women say that bathing did not agree with them, and when, in answer to my inquiries, they have explained their mode of procedure, I have not been surprised at their statement. The majority of women stay in the water as long as they enjoy it—that is, until they begin to feel cold—and by the time they are dressed they are probably shivering. They will then feel tired, disinclined for any exertion, and will, consequently, sit down either on the sands or at home, waiting, perhaps an hour or two, for dinner, and the rest of the day they will feel "good for nothing." Then, of course, they blame the bathing instead of themselves, and declare that it does not suit them. Naturally there are many people who really cannot bathe without injuring themselves—*e.g.*, those suffering from any disease of heart, lung, or kidney, who should never attempt bathing save under direct medical orders; again, there are others who, however judiciously the bathing may be managed, yet remain cold and miserable the whole day; their circulation is too weak to bear the shock of immersion. But to the majority of people, bathing, if properly carried out, is one of the best tonics we possess.

The hour of taking the bath is of importance; few are strong enough to have a dip before breakfast, and the strongest would be all the better for a crust of bread and a drink of warm milk or tea before venturing in. The best time for those who are not over robust is between two and three hours after breakfast, or, in other words, an hour or two before the midday meal, and after a good walk has been taken. Before wetting the feet the hair should be thoroughly sluiced with sea-water, and then, if possible, the whole body immersed at once. Swimmers must strike out vigorously, non-swimmers must fight the water with arms and legs, regardless of appearances. The moment the body begins to feel warm it must be taken out, dried and clothed as quickly as possible, and a brisk walk taken of half an hour at the least after a biscuit or sandwich has been eaten. Then a rest for half an hour in a sheltered spot, and home to dinner. Simple rules enough, but sufficient to make bathing agree where previously it has disagreed.



ON THE CORNISH COAST.

One word about the bathing dress; whatever material be chosen, let it be made with drawers to give the legs freedom; the old night-dress shape made of thick woollen stuff is dangerous, cramping, and positively indecent. The best material to my mind is common bed-ticking, as it does not cling to the form any more than a woollen garment, and yet is lighter when saturated with water, and far more easily dried; moreover, it is very cheap.

It is better, for many reasons, that the family should have their own bathing dresses. The cost of material (whether ticking or serge), is very trifling. They are quickly and easily made, and will certainly last for a good many holiday visits to the seaside.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

HARRIET MARTINEAU is one of the most distinguished literary women this century has produced. She is among the few women who have succeeded in the craft of journalism, and one of the still smaller number who succeeded for a time in moulding and shaping the current politics of her day. There are many things in her career which make it a particularly instructive one. Her vivid remembrance of her own childhood gave her a very strong sympathy with the feelings and sufferings of children; all mothers, especially the mothers of uncommonly intellectual children, ought to read, in the early part of Harriet Martineau's autobiography, her record of her own childhood, and its peculiar sufferings.

Harriet Martineau

The Martineaus were descended from a French Huguenot surgeon, who left his native country in 1688, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He settled at Norwich, and became the progenitor of a long line of distinguished surgeons in that city. Harriet's father was a manufacturer; she was born on the 12th June, 1802, the sixth of eight children. There is nothing in the outward circumstances of her youth to distinguish it from that of the substantial, but simple, comfort of any middle class family of that period, save that her education was above the average. The independence of judgment in religious matters that had made their ancestor a Huguenot, made the later Martineaus Unitarians; and it was to this fact that the excellence of the education of the family was in part due. For the Rev. Isaac Perry, the head of a large and flourishing boys' school in Norwich, became converted to the principles of Unitarianism, with the consequence of losing nearly all his pupils. The Unitarian community felt it their duty to rally round him, and support him to the utmost of their power. Hence those who, like the Martineaus, had children to educate sent them, girls as well as boys, to him. Harriet therefore had the inestimable advantage of beginning her career with a mind well equipped with stores of knowledge that were at that time usually considered quite outside the range of what was necessary for a woman.

She speaks of herself as having, especially in her childhood, "a beggarly nervous system;" and her description of her utterly unreasonable terrors, which she bore in silence, because of the want of insight and sympathy around her, ought to be a lesson to every parent. "Sometimes," she says, "I was panic struck at the head of the stairs, and was sure I could never get down; and I could never cross the yard into the garden without flying and panting, and fearing to look behind, because a wild beast was after me. The starlight sky was the worst; it was always coming down to stifle and crush me, and rest upon my head." "The extremest terror of all," she says, was occasioned by the dull thud of beating feather beds with a stick, a process in which the housewives of Norwich were wont to indulge on the breezy area below the Castle Hill. A magic-lantern, or the prismatic lights cast by glass lustres upon the wall, threw her into the same unaccountable terror-stricken state. If she could have been coaxed into speaking of these panics, they might probably have ceased to assail her. But this she never dreamed of doing. There was too little tenderness in her family life to overcome her natural timidity. Once when her terror at a magic-lantern so far overcame her as to find vent in a shriek of dismay, "a pretty lady, who sat next us, took me on her lap, and let me hide my face in her bosom, and held me fast. How intensely I loved her, without at all knowing who she was."

When Harriet Martineau was more than fifty, she wrote a detailed account of all she had suffered in childhood, not from any want of gratitude or affection to her parents, but because she felt that mothers ought to know what their children sometimes suffer, so that they might protect them by tender watchfulness from becoming victims of these imaginary terrors. It is not, it must be remembered, stupid children who are most subject to these "ghostly enemies," but much more frequently it is the children of vivid imagination and bright intelligence who are most subject to them. A child who is frightened of the dark ought not to be unkindly ridiculed or forced to endure what terrifies it; it ought to be helped by all gentle means to overcome its fear, and all other unreasonable fears conjured up by its imagination.

That Harriet Martineau showed in early childhood that

she was gifted with extraordinary mental powers cannot be doubted. At seven years old she "discovered" "Paradise Lost." She had been left at home one Sunday evening, when all the rest of the family had gone to chapel, and she began looking at the books on the table. One of them was turned down open. She took it up, and began looking at it. It was "Paradise Lost." The first thing she saw was the word "Argument" at the head of a chapter, which she thought must mean a dispute, and could make nothing of; but something about Satan cleaving Chaos made her turn to the poetry, and, in her own words, that evening's reading fixed her mental destiny for the next seven years; the volume was henceforth never to be found, but by asking her for it. "In a few months, I believe there was hardly a line in 'Paradise Lost' that I could not have instantly turned to. I sent myself to sleep by repeating it, and when my curtains were drawn back in the morning, descriptions of heavenly light rushed into my memory." Her keen appreciation of Milton's great poem was the compensation nature provided for the imaginative terrors which made her childhood such a sad one. Another misfortune was in store for her, which might have embittered the whole of her future existence.

When she was about twelve years old it was recognised that her hearing was not good; by sixteen her deafness had become very noticeable, and excessively painful to herself; and before she was twenty she had become extremely deaf, so that she could hear little or nothing without the help of a trumpet. Few people can realise how much the loss of this all important sense must have cost her. At the outset of life, to be deprived of a faculty on which almost all free and pleasant social intercourse depends must be a bitter trial. One striking characteristic of Harriet Martineau's mind was brought into relief by it. Throughout her life a misfortune never overtook her without calling out the strength necessary to bear it, not only with patience, but with cheerfulness. As soon as it was clear that her deafness was a trial that would last as long as her life, she made a resolution with regard to it. She determined never to inquire what was said, but to trust to her friends to repeat to her what was important and worth hearing. This she rightly regarded as the only way of preventing her deafness becoming as irksome and trying to her companions as it was to herself. It was not till she was nearly thirty that she began to use a trumpet, and she blamed herself seriously for the delay; for she felt it to be the duty of the deaf to spare other people as much fatigue as possible, and also to preserve their own natural capacity for sound, and the habit of receiving it, as long as possible.

Harriet's first attempt at authorship was undertaken at the age of nineteen; she was tenderly devoted to her brother James, who was two years her junior. When he left home for college, the brightness of her life departed; he told her she must not permit herself to be so miserable, and advised her to take refuge, each time he left her, in some new pursuit; her first new pursuit was writing, and, with a beating heart she posted her manuscript to the Editor of the *Monthly Repository*, a Unitarian magazine of that day. She adopted the signature of "V. of Norwich;" all authors will sympathise with what she felt when her manuscript was accepted, and she saw herself for the first time in print. She had not told any member of her family of her enterprise. Imagine therefore her delight when her eldest brother, whom she regarded with the utmost veneration, selected this article by V. of Norwich for special commendation, reading passages from it aloud, and calling upon Harriet to say whether she did not think it first rate. After a brief attempt to keep her secret, she blurted out, "I never could baffle anybody. The truth is, that paper is mine." The kind brother read on in silence, and as she was going he laid his hand on her shoulder and said gravely (calling her "dear" for the first time), "Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings; and do you devote yourself to this." "I went home," she adds, "in a sort of dream, so that the squares of the pavement seemed to float before my eyes. That evening made me an authoress."

The trials of her life, however, shortly after this time began to thicken round her. Her beloved elder brother, whose advice had so greatly encouraged her, died of consumption. Her father's business declined rapidly in prosperity; it was a period of great commercial depression, and for a time absolute ruin seemed to stare the family in the face. The cares and the mental strain of this time brought the father to his grave; he died in 1826, when Harriet was twenty-four years of age, leaving his family in comparatively straitened circumstances. Shortly after this Harriet became engaged to be married; but this, instead of bringing happiness, was a source of special trial; for shortly after the engagement had been entered into, the young man became suddenly insane, and after months of severe illness, bodily and mental, he died. The next misfortune was the loss, in 1829, by the mother and daughters of the Martineau family, of nearly all they had in the world. The old manufactory, in which their money had been placed, failed. The way in which she treated this event is very characteristic. "I call it," she wrote, "a misfortune, because in common parlance it would be so treated; but I believe that my mother and all her other daughters would have joined heartily, if asked, in my conviction that it was one of the best things that ever happened to us. . . . . We never recovered more than the merest pittance. . . . . The effect upon me of this new 'calamity,' as people called it, was like that of a blister upon a dull, weary pain or series of pains. *I rather enjoyed it, even at the time;* for there was scope for action, whereas in the long, dreary series of preceding trials, there was nothing possible but endurance. In a very short time, my two sisters at home and I began to feel the blessings of a wholly new freedom. I, who had been obliged to write before breakfast, or in some private way, had henceforth liberty to do my own work in my own way; for we had lost our gentility. Many and many a time have we said that, but for the loss of that money, we might have lived on in the ordinary provincial method of ladies with small means, sewing and economizing, and growing narrower every year: whereas by being thrown, while it was yet time, on our own resources, we have worked hard and usefully, won friends, reputation, and independence, seen the world abundantly, abroad and at home, and, in short, have truly lived instead of vegetated." (Pp. 141-2, Autobiography.)

For a time, notwithstanding the kind brother's advice to Harriet, to leave sewing to other women and devote herself to literature, pressure was brought upon her to get her living by needlework instead of by her pen. She tried to follow both the advice of her friends and her own inclinations. By day she pored over fine needlework, by night she studied and wrote till two or three o'clock in the morning. Instead of being crushed by the double strain, her spirit rose victorious over it. "It was truly *life* I lived during those days," she wrote, "of strong, intellectual, and moral effort." And again: "Yet I was very happy; the deep-felt sense of progress and expansion was delightful; and so was the exertion of all my faculties, and, not least, that of will to

overcome any obstructions, and force my way to that power of public speech of which I believed myself more or less worthy." Her first marked literary success was the winning of each of three prizes which had been offered by the Unitarian body for essays presenting the arguments in favour of Unitarianism to the notice of Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans.

She took every precaution to prevent the discovery that her three essays were by the same hand; and great was the sensation caused by the discovery that this was indeed the case. The most important result to herself of this achievement was that it finally silenced those who wished her to believe that she was fit to do no more difficult work in the world than bead-work and embroidery. It also set her up in funds to the extent of £45, and she immediately began to plan the work which brought her fame—a series of tales illustrating the most important doctrines of political economy, such as the effect of machinery on wages, the relation of wages and population, free trade, protective duties, and so on. The difficulties she encountered, before she could induce any publisher to accept her series, were such as would have broken any spirit less heroic and determined than her own. "I knew the work wanted doing," she said, "and that I could do it"; and this confidence prevented her from losing heart when one rebuff after another fell upon her. Almost every publisher to whom she applied repeated the cry that the public would attend to nothing at that time (1831) but the cholera and the Reform Bill. She says she became as sick of the Reform Bill as poor King William himself. At length, after a most exhausting and, to anyone else, heart-breaking succession of disappointments, her series was accepted, but on terms that made her success in finding a publisher very little pleasure to her. The first stipulation was that 500 copies of the work must be subscribed for before publication, and the agreement was to cease if a thousand copies did not sell in the first fortnight. The dismal business of obtaining subscribers to an unknown work by an unknown author nearly broke her down. But in her darkest hour, alone in London, without money or friends, leaning over some dirty palings, really to recover from an attack of giddiness, but pretending to look at a cabbage bed, she said to herself, as she stood with closed eyes, "My book will do yet."

The day of publication came at last, and Harriet, who had now rejoined her mother in Norwich, eagerly awaited the result. For about ten days she heard nothing, and she began to prepare herself to bear the disappointment of failure. Then at last a letter came, desiring her to make any corrections necessary for a second edition, as the publisher had hardly any copies left. He proposed, he said, to print an additional 2000. A postscript altered the number to 3000, a second postscript suggested 4000, and a third 5000! Her first feeling was that all her cares were now over. Whatever she had to say would now command a hearing, and her anxiety in future would be limited to making a good choice what to write about. Her series made a remarkable sensation; she was overwhelmed with praise from all quarters. Everyone who had a hobby wanted her to write a tale to illustrate its importance. Advantageous offers from publishers poured in upon her. Lord Brougham, who was then the leading spirit of the Diffusion of Knowledge Society, declared that the whole Society had been "driven out of the field by a little deaf woman at Norwich."

It soon became evident, from the amount of political and literary work which was pressed upon her, that it was necessary for her to live in London. She accordingly took a small house in Fludyer Street, Westminster, in 1832, where she lived for seven years with her mother and aunt. No change could be greater than that from the provincial society in which she had been brought up, to that into which she was now welcomed. The best of London literary and political society was freely offered her. Cabinet ministers consulted her about their measures, and she enjoyed the acquaintance or friendship of all the foremost men and women of the day. But her head was not turned, and she was not spoiled. Sydney Smith said he had watched her anxiously for one season, and he then declared her unspoilable. The well-founded self-confidence that had made her say to herself, when almost anyone else would have despaired, "My book will do yet," prevented her from being dazzled by flattery and social distinction. She knew perfectly well what she could do and what she could not do. It made her angry to hear herself spoken of as a woman of genius; and in correcting a series of errors that had been made in an account given of her personal history in "Men of the Time," she drily remarks, "Nobody has witnessed 'flashes of wit' from me. The giving me credit for wit shows that the writer is wholly unacquainted with me."

She was a woman of the utmost determination and endurance in carrying out anything she had made up her mind to be right. She once remarked that she had thought the worst that could befall her would be to die of starvation on a doorstep, and added, gleefully, "I think I could bear it." Her courage was put rather unexpectedly to the test in 1835, when she visited the United States. As everyone is aware, negro slavery was lawful all over the United States until the civil war of 1862. But everyone does not know that the heroic little band of men and women who first protested against the wickedness of slavery in America did so at the peril of their lives. The abolitionists, as they were called, were the objects, even in cities like Boston, usually considered the centres of culture and refinement, of most brutal outrage and cruelty. The abolitionists could not then even hold a meeting but at the peril of their lives. Miss Martineau found herself therefore in a society divided into two hostile factions—one rich, strong and numerous; the other poor, small and intensely hated. When she arrived she was disposed to be rather prejudiced against the abolitionists. She condemned slavery as a matter of course, but she thought those who had undertaken the battle against it in America had been fanatical, sentimental and misguided. This disposition of her mind was diligently fostered by the defenders of slavery, who represented the abolitionists to her as bloodthirsty ruffians who were trying to incite the slaves to the murder of their masters.

It was not long before her clear intellect discerned the true bearings of the case. She soon acknowledged that, however distasteful to her might be the language used by the abolitionists, they were completely innocent of the charges made against them, and were, in fact, the blameless apostles of a most holy cause. From the time of forming this judgment, her course was clear. She boldly avowed abolitionist principles, and took an early opportunity of attending an anti-slavery meeting at which, in a short speech, she avowed her conviction that slavery was inconsistent with the Law of God, and incompatible with the course of His providence. It is unnecessary at this distance of time to recount in detail the fury with which this declaration was regarded by the bulk of American society, and by almost the whole American press. Insult and contumely now met her at every turn, in quarters where she had before received nothing but adulation and flattery. But she was not of a nature to be induced by

threats of personal violence to consent to that which her reason and conscience condemned. She remained then and always an ardent abolitionist, and when the great question of the existence of slavery in the United States was submitted to the arbitrament of war, she was one of the chief among the leaders of political opinion in England who kept our country as a nation free from the guilt and folly of supporting the secession of the Southern States from the American Union. The late Mr. W. E. Forster said at the time that it seemed to him as if Harriet Martineau alone were keeping this country straight in regard to America.

After her return from America she resumed for a time her usual life of work and social activity in London. In a few years, however, her health broke down, and she removed to Tynemouth, suffering, as was then thought, from an incurable disorder. For five years (1837-1842) she lay on her couch a helpless, but by no means an idle, invalid. Some of her best books, including her delightful stories for children, "Feats in the Fiord," "The Crofton Boys," etc., were written during this period. She was under the care of a medical brother-in-law, who resided at Newcastle, and some of the most leading of London physicians visited her professionally. But her case was considered chronic, and she resigned herself to the belief that her health was gone for ever. After five years some one persuaded her to try the effects of mesmerism, and some members of her family and many of her former friends were very angry with her for getting well through its means. Her remarks on the subject are characteristic. "For my part," she writes, "if any friend of mine had been lying in a suffering and hopeless state for nearly six years, and if she had fancied she might get well by standing on her head instead of her heels, or reciting charms, or bestriding a broomstick, I should have helped her to try; and thus was I aided by some of my family and by a further sympathy in others, but two or three of them were induced to regard my experiment and recovery as an unpardonable offence, and by them I never was pardoned."

After her recovery she plunged again as heartily as ever into the enjoyment of travel and of work, and finally settled in a little home, which she built for herself, in the Lake country at Ambleside. Here she continued her literary activity, writing her "History of the Peace," and her version of Auguste Comte, and at one time contributing as many as six articles a week to the *Daily News*. But she was not content with merely literary labour; she exerted herself most effectually to set on foot for the benefit of her poorer neighbours, all kinds of means for improving their social, moral and intellectual position. She showed them, by example, how a farm of two acres could be made to pay. She started a building society, a mechanics' institute, and evening lectures for the people. She was almost worshipped by her servants and immediate dependents, and was a powerful influence for good on all around her. On all moral questions, and all questions affecting the position of women, she was a tower of strength upon the right side. She heartily sympathised with Mrs. Butler in the Social Purity crusade. "I am told," she said, "that this is discreditable work for women, especially for an *old* woman. But it has always been esteemed our special function as women to mount guard over society and social life—the spring of national existence—and to keep them pure; and who so fit as an *old* woman?"

In 1851 it was discovered that she had a heart complaint, which might have been fatal at any moment, but her life was prolonged for more than twenty years after this, closing at Ambleside, on June 27th, 1876. The words of her friend, Florence Nightingale, might have served as her epitaph—"She served the Right, that is, God, all her life."

GIRLS.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

VII.—Father and Daughter.

There is a peculiar grace, a little touch of chivalry and romance, in the relation of father and daughter, as there is in that of mother and son. The ties between father and son, mother and daughter, may be, and often are, more intimate and entirely sympathetic; but there is that in the representatives of opposite sexes which produces fine harmony in their very divergence, and, like treble and bass in music, agree to form a sweet, strong symphony. It is no very unusual circumstance to find a father strict to his sons and indulgent to his daughters, a mother exacting with her girls and forbearing with her boys—both acting from a natural impulse. There is, in addition to other considerations, a reflection of the mother in the daughter, the father in the son; and the parents reproduce, more or less, in the children the very qualities which first attracted them to each other. The father sees in the young girl the wife, and the mother sees in the lad the husband, of mature years grown young again, re-invested with the fresh glory of opening maidenhood and manhood, while they also possess the precious claim of children, the parents' very own, whom they have cradled as babies in a father's—a mother's, arms, and watched with loving care through all the stages of infancy, childhood, and youth.

There is a pathetic element lent to this re-appearance of the father and the mother in the children, when it is all which is left here of a bond broken on earth, when the widow and the widower turn to the son who is the image of his dead father—the daughter who is the picture of her dead

mother, and strive yearningly to recall, in a young face and voice, still more vivid traces of another face and voice, seen and heard only in blessed dreams for many a long year. Longfellow's village blacksmith, listening to his daughter's singing in the church choir, hears again her mother's voice, and rejoices with the pensive joy of those who have suffered loss.

History and the greatest poetry and fiction are full of noble, faithful examples of the unselfish, unslumbering, fatherly regard—the filial reverence and affectionate devotion which consecrate the relationship of father and daughter at its best. Who has not heard of Jephtha's daughter, willing to die in order that her father might fulfil his vow; of the Grecian daughter succouring her father in the last extremity of nature; of the Roman daughter bravely sharing her father's misery; of John Bunyan's blind daughter selling laces by his side at the door of Bedford Jail; of Lear's Cordelia, faithful among the faithless; of Alice Lee loyally ministering to the wants of the old Cavalier; of womanly Jeanie Deans toiling staunchly for the stout Cameronian, "douce Davie Deans"; of Romola aiding the scholarly Florentine; of Madame de Staël and M. Nockar; of Maria Edgeworth and Richard Lovell Edgeworth?—but the list might be prolonged endlessly. Neither do we need to have recourse to poetry and fiction, or even to history and biography, for such pairs of fathers and daughters. In the world around us many of them are intimately known to us, many more necessarily beyond our ken. In all ranks, in all nations, there are hundreds and thousands of good daughters to good fathers—aye, and of good daughters to bad and careless fathers, though these have no right to expect the boon. In the latter case the desperate struggle to hide the errors of the parent, the patient effort to ward off the consequences, often well deserved, of his faults and follies, are among the most touching of the many tragic details with which life is full.

A well-known writer of the present day dedicated one of her earlier books to the memory of the father who had just lived long enough on earth to enable his child to rise to the meaning of "Our Father in Heaven." The very fact that our Lord and Master taught us to look up to our Maker without fear or distrust, in the loving light in which a true child views a true father, ought to invest the word, and the idea which lies at the root of the word, with double sanctity.

The more blame, then, to a school of modern fiction, which delights to hold up the head of the house as a domestic tyrant and nothing more; which represents his children as either cowering abjectly or rebelling furiously against his despotic sway; which loads him with abuse and pelts him with ridicule from the lips of his own household. A little girl carrying daddy's dinner, shut up in a pitcher or wrapped in a napkin, to the roadside or the mouth of the quarry by which he is working, zealously waiting upon him at his frugal meal, making it gay with her merry prattle, returning faithfully to mammy with the pitcher or the tied-up plate with which she has been entrusted, bringing back the last news of daddy—helps to form a group, to which I have already had occasion to refer, with which multitudes are familiar. A companion group is a mite running at the sound of papa's knock, fetching him his slippers, and climbing on his knee, to sit enthroned there while he rests in his chair. More groups of a similar kind figure prominently in a working-man's holiday—in a professional man's vacation, where he lugs along his little girl on his tired shoulder, when he introduces her to her first bird's-nest, or showers down cherries or nuts for her benefit. These pictures come back to my mind as in themselves a refutation of the ugly heresy which would treat father and daughter only a little less than father and son as natural enemies.

Advance another step, and look at the growing girl, proud to receive father's confidence, eager to be taken into his and mother's consultations, enjoying the feeling that she is getting always more responsible and womanly, pleased to help where help can be rendered in the battle of life.

Yet one more stage of the journey shows the father pass the central mile-stone of his prime, going down the hill to the bourne whence no traveller returns, and discovering that his work or his business is getting too much for him. He becomes more and more dependent on his family, not infrequently on the daughter, who lightens his load—whether it be by sharing her wages with him; by maintaining herself, and so freeing him from anxious fears for her future; or by simply walking, riding, or driving with him, reading to him, chatting to him, being constantly near him to comfort and cheer him.

No doubt there are grievously or hideously distorted relationships, but these are no more fair types of family ties than a poor, misshapen, sickly, and fretful child is a correct representation of well-grown, comely, happy childhood.

Of course, as the best of men and women and the best of their lives are still marred by imperfections, so there are blemishes, weaknesses, and offences in the truest and kindliest family circles. No father is infallible, no child is incapable of trying a father's long-suffering patience, but the spots on the sun do not count when we prize the great luminary's warmth and brightness. The little failings of those we have abundant reason to love are only additional appeals to that love which understands and makes allowance for human frailty.

To make a good daughter, or a good son for that matter, the best recipe is a good father and mother, though the recipe is not unfailing, I am sorry to say. But he of whom a poet could write—

> "To hounds and to liveried varlets,
> You have cast your daughter's bread";

or descending in the social scale, he who spends his leisure and wastes his substance on "dining out," on clubs and club-whist, or the billiard table, on the ale-house with its cribbage-board or its skittle-ground, ought not to look for treasures of affection from his daughters. There are miracles of love worked every day, but we have no warrant to expect them, and, as a rule, men do not gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles.

It is a great misfortune where there is a formal barrier between a father and his children. This happened more frequently under the old *régime* when children were trained with strictness and severity. All this is changed, for the most part; but even in this generation which is half easy-minded, half tormented by scruples, a shy, reserved father—particularly when his profession or trade occupies him largely—is still at a considerable disadvantage with his girls and boys, since he does not know how to win their sympathy, and has not time to study the question, while they, on their part, shrink from him with answering nervousness and positive apprehension. It is really painful to watch the difficulty when there is plenty of affection on both sides, which one can only trust—for this is not an occasion for the interference of third persons—will conquer in the end. There is a worse danger to be earnestly deprecated; it is that of any concealment or misleading conduct

in the circumstances. The wife and mother is full of regard for her husband and children. She is well aware how the head of the house is harassed in his business relations, and exhausted by playing his part as the bread-winner of the family, so that he comes back from his counting-house or shop desiring peace and quiet above all things. She is tempted to keep back from him home troubles, which he will take too seriously—the faults of the children, this or that scrape a boy or girl has got into.

The husband and father on his side is unwilling to distress his wife, and damp the spirits of his children—especially of his often helpless girls—by a full statement of his embarrassed affairs. It may be that he has been lured or goaded into doing something in his business which a high code of honour condemns, and he recoils from lowering and shaming himself in the eyes of those he loves best. He prefers to run the risk of the crash coming and taking them by surprise, or he cannot bear that his cherished daughters should go out into the rough world and encounter hardship and unkindness in struggling for a livelihood. Besides, he will so miss their sweet and sunny faces, unclouded by doubt or care, from the family table and hearth, which they grace and gladden. He likes to hear his girls tripping up and down stairs, singing in the garden, full of their light, girlish employments and amusements. Let his daughters have their day. Let them be like other girls; he will have no one look down on his children, because they have to earn their bread. He will rather fight on in silence, to the end, till bankruptcy, or sudden death, or disgrace—which is worse than death—brings his desperate efforts to a premature close.

All this is false and fatal reasoning on the part both of husband and wife. No father was ever the better for remaining in the dark with respect to what concerned him nearly, in the inclinations and practices of his children. No woman, old or young, was ever preserved in honest lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirit—though she might get completely enervated—by being ignorant of the worldly cares for which the husband and father was paying with his credit, his life, or his honour.

Again, it is simply a refined form of selfishness which induces a father to retain the company of his daughters, with nothing to look forward to in the future, unless the Micawber-like confidence in something turning up—be it a loveless marriage as a refuge from destitution—till with youth gone, energies frittered away by a long experience of busy idleness, which has unfitted them for steady, serious work, he is forced to leave women to be launched, without even the support of his presence and counsel, on a career which delay has rendered doubly hard.

As for girls losing caste by honestly and dutifully earning their bread, it is a libel on English Christianity and civilisation to say that they still hold such a mean, ignoble creed. It is only the mean and ignoble at heart, whatever their rank, who retain it under any pretence.

I have not time or space to speak here of how little a healthful, well-brought-up, well-qualified girl's spirits really suffer from being brought into contact betimes with the graver features of life; how, on the contrary, if it is only courage, enterprise, and industry, which are required from her, youthful spirits will rise bravely to the encounter.

I do not speak to the women of those ill-regulated families who will hang, dead weights, on the men of their households; who will have their feminine perquisites—the indulgence of their laziness, the gratification of their propensity to gad abroad, the continuance of their parties, their resorts to this or that fashionable watering-place. I have nothing to say to the Gonerils and Regans who, in lack of thought, lack of feeling, and lack of principle, crush the best affections of human nature, and bring grey hairs—which ought to have been shielded from every wind that blew—with sorrow to the grave. I address good, affectionate girls, who fear God, reverence their fathers and mothers, and are full of pity for all who suffer. If they see the grey hairs thickening, and the furrows deepening, on heads and faces dearly loved, let the daughters of the family be up and doing in these hard times. Let even school-girls labour to acquire all useful information, and learn to be of service. Put young shoulders to the wheel; believe me, they will never lose womanly grace in the action.

OUT IN THE GARDEN.

BY ELIZA CLARKE.

Roses.

FLEET yet sweet is the time of the roses," sang an old poet who wrote when gardens were gay with the queen of flowers at midsummer, but "perpetuals" had not been invented. The sweet old moss and cabbage roses, the York and Lancaster, the maiden's blush, the Scotch roses, white and yellow, and the tiny little *roses de Meaux*, are in their full glory of bloom during June and July, and very few of them do we see nowadays, though they were the pride of the garden half a century ago. Most of them came from Italy and the Levant originally, though they speedily made themselves at home in northern climes.

The monthly rose, which is not nearly so common as could be wished, was probably brought to England by Lord Macartney in 1795. In many situations it is ever green, and blooms from April right down to December; but it has so great a dislike to smoke, the fumes of gas, and impure air generally, that it sickens and refuses to bloom in the neighbourhood of London or any other city. It can be propagated by cuttings in autumn and spring, and they very speedily take root.

Visions of almond-scented pink monthly roses rise before me as I write—the gable end of a house at Ventnor where they seem never out of bloom—the small front garden of a tiny cottage at Shanklin, where they always come out at the same time as the clusters of purple March violets in the next border—the one sheltered nook in a wind-swept east coast seaport where a dignified old lady always gathered her first rose before the last day of April.

In a quaint country garden there is a high yew hedge,

impenetrable as a wall, and against its dark background the pale pink roses stand out in strong relief. On the opposite side they have struggled through a thicket of laurel, barberry, and laburnum, and their pink heads dance in the breeze on the very top. A wide turf walk is planted with standard roses on each side, and when they are all in bloom, and there is a thick undergrowth of iris, poppies, and tall white lilies, it recalls one of Rossetti's pictures.

Rose-growers are comparatively few, though lovers of roses are many; but there are some in whose grounds you may wander through acres of roses, and whose glass houses are sights to see; and there are some humble rose growers, who with their own hands have built a little shelter of brick, glass, and mortar for the beloved plants, and tend them as if they were children, taking the very blankets from their beds on winter nights lest the roses should suffer from the cold. Some of the very best blooms at midland county shows are often raised in this way.

A well-known gardener, whose name was one to conjure with in his day, laid down the rule that "a good deep loamy soil, with a dry bottom, is the best soil for the rose." This is not always to be had, but the lover of roses will make as near an approach to it as he can.

If the garden be damp and swampy, a deep trench or two will help to drain it, and the soil must be enriched according to the kind of rose to be planted—decayed vegetable or leaf mould for the delicate China and tea-scented varieties which have extremely fine roots, and well-decomposed manure for stronger and more vigorous roses.

In summer time before they bloom, as well as while full of flowers, roses quickly show their gratitude if watered with the soapy slops from the bedrooms, not poured from the rose of a watering-pot, but from the spout, or from the pail in which it is collected, close at the root, and a considerable dose given to each tree. A very important point is not to plant roses where they are overshadowed by timber trees, such as oaks, elms, limes, or beeches. Such trees, even when on the opposite side of a road, are often fatal to their well-being.

Strong, hardy roses pay best for late autumn pruning, and really bloom the earlier for it, but the tender tea and hybrid roses should be pruned at the end of March or beginning of April, when there is no longer any likelihood of severe frost.

There are fashions in rose-growing, as in everything else. In olden times there were only bush and climbing roses. Next came the tall standards, grafted first on briars and afterwards on the Manetti stocks, now and then on sweet-briar stocks. The great objection to all of these is the frequency with which briar shoots are thrown up from the roots, robbing the heads of the nourishing sap they require, and consequently roses on their own roots are now most in favour.

I know a gamekeeper's cottage round which, when first planted, ivy and dark red climbing roses were planted at the same time. Both grew apace, the ivy the more rapidly, though it was left to itself, and the roses were diligently watered and the soil about the roots as diligently enriched and turned over. When the ivy reached the roof it was ruthlessly cut back; the topmost shoots of the roses were nailed in among it, but all other fastenings were removed, except that here and there the rose-stems were tied to those of the ivy. The effect all the summer through is most lovely.

The moss roses are almost a race apart, and not very common now, except in the baskets of flower-sellers, for whom they are specially grown. They are pre-eminently roses that grow best on their own roots, and it is difficult to say whether the pink or the white are lovelier and sweeter. There is a little German poem that gives a gracefully fanciful version of how the moss first came to adorn the calyx and stems, and as it may be new to some, I will quote it as a finale to this somewhat desultory chat about roses.

"The Angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
That spirit—to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven:
Awaking from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose:
'Oh, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee.'
'Then,' said the Rose, with deepened glow,
'On me another grace bestow.'
The Spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Spirit throws,
And robed in nature's simplest weed,
Can there a flower that Rose exceed?"

SWEET-SCENTED FLOWERS.

Most women have a love for flowers, and their cultivation adds not only to the beauty of the home, but also to its health. We are told that "an Italian professor has discovered, by a series of careful experiments, that sweet-scented flowers have a powerful effect in producing atmospheric ozone. Our readers are aware that ozone is a peculiar form of the life-sustaining element of our atmosphere. The latest researches seem to show that it is composed of three atoms of oxygen combined in one. However this may be, there is little doubt that the presence of ozone in the air is very important in sustaining vitality and repressing disease. Professor Mantegazza found that the essences of certain flowers and scented plants develop ozone in very large quantities. Among the flowers are especially mentioned those of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope, and lily of the valley; among plants, the cherry-laurel, lavender, mint, juniper, fennel, anise, and bergamot. But it may be inferred that all sweet odours of vegetable origin have the same health-giving quality. In view of these facts, we are not surprised to learn that 'the professor recommends the use of flowers in marshy districts and in places infected with animal emanations, as the powerful oxidising influence of ozone may destroy them.' He advises that the inhabitants of such regions should surround their dwellings with beds of the sweetest flowers.

It is a comfort to know that the most delightful of feminine occupations is also one of the most beneficial. Every woman who surrounds her dwelling with sweet-scented flowers and plants, and who makes her rooms and her clothing fragrant with their essences, is an angel of health to her family and friends, and gardening is the most healthful and pleasant occupation for all women.

"We have got minds and souls as well as hearts; ambition and talents as well as beauty and accomplishments; and we want to live and learn as well as love and be loved."

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

JULY is usually the hottest month in the year, and the one that brings the most alleviation to the heat of which we Britons complain just as much as we do of the cold, because it is the month of fruit, and thick, shady foliage. It is the time for broad, shady hats, and light, sensible parasols, which are large enough to keep the sun off and not so heavy as to fatigue the hand. Lace parasols are among the best, and they are not at all expensive, and last season after season. Black lace goes with everything, and *écru* lace is almost as convenient, and if it looks dirty after a season's wear can easily be renewed, as very pretty mauresque lace can be bought for about half-a-crown a dozen, and any one with a little taste and ten clever fingers can sew it in a succession of frills or flounces on the old foundation and finish all off with a few loops of ribbon, as may be seen in our illustration.

Sailor hats are still in vogue, either of plain black, white, or brown straw with a band of ribbon, or in finer materials trimmed with several upstanding bows at the back, or in the style shown by our sketch. Lace hats are also to be seen again, and very useful they are, and easy to make at home, as net shapes are very cheap, and so is lace. A great secret of making them look nice is to lay two thicknesses of net or gauze the same colour as the lace over the foundation before putting it on. For a young person, say a girl of fifteen or sixteen, or a single woman up to three or four and twenty, these hats are most suitable and becoming. The easiest shape is a modified sailor one, with a little more slope in it and not quite such hard outlines. Tack the net or gauze first of all over the foundation, and bind the brim with a piece of crossway satin the colour of the lace, or of the lining you intend having. Two flat pieces of lace will usually cover the crown, unless you make it of figured net, and after tacking these in place take another piece of lace and tack it scallop side up round the upright part of the hat. For the brim your lace must be put on slightly full, and scallop side down, the point of each scallop just reaching the edge, or at all events not projecting more than a quarter of an inch over it. Each scallop will require a tiny neat stitch to keep it exactly in its place. A double ruche of narrow lace, or a ribbon of the same colour as the lining, is a nice finish between the crown and the brim of the hat. For the lining take a wide twill ribbon or piece of soft silk on the cross, and run it with a small heading round the edge, and three or four other runnings. Sew the edge in very neatly, and draw each running to the proper size, and fasten off strongly. Lastly, gather and tack in the inside edge, put in your head-lining, and you have a pretty, lady-like hat, not in the extreme of fashion, but in that better fashion that never looks particular.

July and August are months in which people who live in London, or any large town, frequently go into the country or to the seaside. It used to be very much the custom to reserve old silk or material dresses for wear on such occasions, on the plea that anything would do, or that sea breeze and sea-water spoilt everything, and made it clammy and unwearable for the future. This sounded economical, but looked dowdy. There is probably some change in manufactures of late years, for certainly if suitable clothing is worn by the seaside it is perfectly fit to wear at home. There is nothing so useful for little children, girls or boys, as navy-blue serge made without lining, in suits consisting of short knickerbocker drawers, skirt, and Garibaldi bodice. In very hot weather they require no other garment, unless it be a little shirt or chemise, and in such attire they may paddle, dig, or chase the waves to their hearts' content, and no chill strikes them through the pure woollen fabric.

For the grown-up portion of the family serge dresses are very nice, if not considered too hot, and this they usually are, because grown-up people cannot exactly wear the unlined, easy garments suitable for the little ones. A great many pretty and durable zephyrs are being made this season in dark blue, or blue and red, or twine colour, usually called *ficelle* in the shops. All these make capital morning dresses for the beach, and a tussore or a thin beige or alpaca of some light tint that does not show the dust, makes a very nice costume for walking about in during the latter part of the day, when there is a little sharpness in the air that makes a warmer dress, and perhaps a light wrap, desirable.

The great ambition of Frenchwomen now-a-days is to be dressed in English style. This may be called the victory of the tailor-made, but it is not only the woollens, thick and thin, that are the rage on the other side of the Channel, but also the fine silky alpacas that wear so well and crease so little, and always allow the dust to be shaken off without penetrating their texture. What can be neater or prettier than a grey alpaca, with a grey bonnet to match, or a black lace one and a hat for change? Tussores have become very cheap. Extremely pretty fancy ones are to be had this season at 10½d. a yard. The width is moderate, so that about eighteen yards are required to make a full dress for a grown-up person, but even then it comes to less than sixteen shillings.

Any one who has had a white *mousseline-de-laine* or nun's cloth, and had it washed a time or two so that it looks slightly yellow, will find it a good and economical plan to have it dyed for hot weather. The skirt must be taken off the band, and the white stuff will take a good *eau de Nil*, or cinnamon brown, if a more decided colour is not preferred. Made up, with a collar and cuffs of plush or velvet of a darker tint, and perhaps a little *écru* lace, this is the perfection for dull, damp days which are very warm and yet unsuitable for muslins or cottons, which always look wretched when the weather is not fine and bright.